



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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NO. 2.

POPULAR TALES.

THE HEADSMAN.

A TALE OF DOOM.

(Continued.)

Overwhelmed with the terrors of his excited imagination, Florian, when the diligence stopped for the night, could not rest, under the apprehension that he should be pursued and there overtaken. Finding a horse offered for sale at the place, he purchased the animal, and on the plea of urgent business instantly continued his journey. In this way he proceeded for several days, changing his name and altering his course whenever opportunity permitted, so as to elude pursuit.

On the fifth morning he found himself in a fertile district of central France; and considering himself safe from all immediate danger, he pursued his journey more leisurely between the vine-covered and gently swelling hills until the noonday heat and dusty road made him sensibly feel the want of refreshment. While gazing around him for some hamlet or cottage to pause at, his attention was caught by sounds of lamentation at no great distance, and a sudden turn in the road revealed to him a prostrate mule, vainly endeavouring to regain his legs, one of which was broken. A tall boy, in peasant-garb, was scratching his head in rustic embarrassment at this dilemma, and near him stood a young and very lovely woman, wringing her hands in perplexity, and lamenting over the unfortunate mule, a remarkably fine animal, and caparisoned with a completeness which indicated the easy circumstances of the owner. Florian immediately stopped his horse: and, with his wonted kindness, dismounted to offer his assistance. The young woman said nothing as he approached, but her beautiful dark eyes appealed to him for aid and counsel with an eloquence which reached his heart in a moment. Examining the mule, he said, after some consideration, "There is no hope for the poor animal; and the most humane expedient will be to shoot him as soon as possible. Your side-sad-

dle can be strapped on my horse, which shall convey you to the next village, or as much farther as you like, if you have no objection to the conveyance."

Expressing her thanks with engaging frankness and cordiality, the fair traveller told him that she was returning from a visit to some relations, and that she was still four leagues from her father's house. She would gladly, she said, avail herself of his kind offer, but insisted that her servant should not kill her favourite mule until she was out of sight and hearing. Then turning briskly towards Florian, she told him that she was ready to proceed, but objected to the exchange of saddles; and, as she was accustomed to ride on a pillion, would rather sit behind him, as well as she could, than give him the trouble of walking four leagues. Finding all opposition fruitless, Florian remounted; and, with the assistance of her servant, the fair unknown was soon seated behind him. Blushing and laughing at the necessity, she put an arm around his waist to support herself, and then begged him to proceed without delay, as she was anxious to reach home before night.

Conversing as they journeyed onward, their communications became every moment more cordial and interesting; and as Florian felt the warm hand of his lovely companion near his heart, he began to feel a soothing sense of gratification, which cheered and elevated his perturbed spirits. He had never before found himself in such near and agreeable relation to a beautiful and lively woman; and, whenever he turned his head to speak or listen, he found the finest black eyes, and the most lovely mouth he had ever seen, within a few inches of his own. So potent, indeed was the charm of her look and language, that he forgot, for a time, the timid graces and less sparkling beauty of her he had lost for ever, and was insensibly beguiled of all his fears and sorrows as he listened to the lively sallies of this laughter-loving fair one. Meanwhile they had quitted the cross-road in which he had discovered her, and pursued, by her direction, the great road

from Paris toward eastern France. Here, however, he remarked, with surprise, that she invariably drew the large hood of her cloak over her face when any travellers passed them; and his surprise was converted into uneasiness and suspicion, when, after commencing the last league of their journey, she drew the hood entirely over her face; and her conversation, before so animated and flowing, was succeeded by total silence, or by replies so brief and disjointed, as to indicate that her thoughts were intensely pre-occupied.

The sun had reached the horizon when they arrived within a short half-league of the town before them, and here she suddenly asked her conductor, whether he intended to travel farther before morning. Florian, hoping to obtain some clue to her name and residence, replied, that he was undetermined; on which she advised him to give a night's rest to his jaded horse, and strongly recommended to him an hotel, the name and situation of which she minutely described. He promised to comply with her recommendations; and immediately, by a prompt and vigorous effort, she threw herself from the horse to the ground. Hastily arranging her disordered travelling dress she approached him, clasped his hand in both her own, and thanked him, in brief but fervent terms, for the important service he had rendered her. 'And now,' added she, in visible embarrassment, as she raised her hood, and looked fearfully round, 'I have another favour to request. My father would not approve of your accompanying me home, nor must the town gossips see me at this hour with a young man and a stranger. You will, therefore, oblige me by resting your horse here for half an hour, that I may reach the town before you. Will you do me this favour?' she repeated with a pleading look. 'Most certainly I will,' replied the good-natured, but disappointed Florian. 'Farewell, then,' she cordially rejoined, 'and may Heaven reward your kindness!'

Bounding forward with a light and rapid step she soon disappeared round a sharp angle in the road, occasioned by a sudden bend of the adjacent river. Florian, dismounting to relieve his horse, gazed admiringly upon her elastic step and well-turned figure, until she was out of sight. He recollected, with a sigh of regret, the sprightly graces and artless intelligence of her conversation; again the sense of his desolate and perilous condition smote him; he felt himself more than ever forlorn and unhappy, and reproached himself for the helpless bashfulness which had prevented him from enquiring more urgently the name and residence of this charming stranger. While thus painfully musing, the time she had prescribed elapsed, and Florian, remounting, let the bridle fall upon the neck of the exhausted animal, which paced towards the town as deliberately as the unknown fair one could have wished. At a short distance from the town

gate the high road passed under an archway, composing part of a detached house of Gothic and ancient structure; and on the town side of the arch was a toll-bar, at which a boy was stationed, who held out his hat to Florian, and demanded half a sous. 'For what?' asked Florian.

'A long established toll, sir,' said the boy; 'and if you have a compassionate heart, you will give another half sous to the condemned criminals,' he continued, as he pointed to an iron box, placed near the house-door, under a figure of the Virgin. Shuddering at the words, Florian threw some copper coins into the box; and, as he hastened forward, endeavoured to banish the painful association of ideas, by fixing his thoughts upon the mysterious fair one. Suspecting, from the pressing manner in which she had recommended a particular hotel to his preference, that, if he went there, he might possibly see or hear from her in the morning, he proceeded to the Henry Quatre, which proved to be an hotel of third-rate importance, but well suited to his limited means, and recommending itself by an air of cleanliness and comfort.

Sitting down in a corner near the fire, the combined effects of a genial warmth and excessive fatigue threw him into a sound sleep, which lasted several hours, and would have continued much longer, had he not been roused by the landlord, who told him that his supper had been ready some time, but that he had been unwilling to disturb a slumber so profound. In fact, the repose of the unfortunate fugitive had not, during the five preceding nights, been so continuous and refreshing, so free from painful and menacing visions. Rising drowsily from his chair, he followed the landlord to a table where a roasted capon and a glass jug of bright wine waited his arrival. The servants had all retired for the night,—the landlord quitted the kitchen, and Florian, busily employed in dissecting the fowl, thought himself the sole tenant of the spacious apartment, when, looking accidentally towards the fire he saw with surprise that the chair he had just quitted was occupied. Looking more intently, he distinguished a short man of more than middle age, whose square and sturdy figure was partially concealed by a capacious mantle. His hair was grey, his forehead seamed with broad wrinkles, and his bushy brows beetled over a set of features stern and massive as if cast in iron. His eyes were small and deep-set, but of a lustrous black; and Florian observed with dismay that they were fixed upon his countenance with a look of searching scrutiny. It was near midnight and in the deep silence which reigned through the house, this motionless attitude, and marble fixedness of look, gave to the stranger's appearance a character so appalling, that, had he not broken the spell by stooping to light his pipe, the excited Florian would ere long have thought him an unearthly object. The

stranger now quitted his seat by the fire, took from a table near him a jug of wine, and approached the wondering Florian. 'With your leave, my good sir,' he began, 'I will take a chair by your table. A little friendly gossip is the best of all seasoning to a glass of wine.'

Without waiting for a reply, the old man seated himself directly opposite to Florian, and again fixed a scrutinizing gaze upon his countenance. The conscious fugitive, who felt a growing and unaccountable dread of this singular intruder, muttered a brief assent, and continued to eat his supper, in silent but obvious embarrassment; stealing now and then a timid look at the stranger, but hastily withdrawing his furtive glances as he felt the beams of the old man's small and vivid eyes penetrating his very soul. He observed that the features of his tormentor were cast in a vulgar mould, but his gaze was widely different from that of clownish curiosity, and there was in his deportment a stern and steady self-possession, which suggested to the alarmed Florian a suspicion that he was an agent of the police who had probably tracked him through the cross-roads he had traversed in his flight from D. The rich colour of his cheek turned to an ashy paleness at this appalling conjecture; and, leaving his supper, unfinished, he rose abruptly from the table to quit the room, when the old man, starting suddenly from his chair, and seized the shaking hand of Florian, and, looking cautiously around him, said in subdued but impressive tones—'It is not accident, young man, which brings us together at this hour, I came in while you were asleep, and begged the landlord would not awaken you, that I might say a few words to you in confidence, after the servants had gone to bed.'

'To me?' exclaimed Florian, in anxious wonder.

'Hush?' said the old man, again looking round the kitchen. 'My object is to give you a friendly warning; for, if I am not for the first time mistaken in these matters, you are menaced with a formidable danger.'

'Danger?' repeated the pallid Florian, in a voice scarcely audible.

'And have you not good reason to expect this danger?' continued the stranger. 'Your saddened paleness tells me that you know it, I am an old man, and my life has been a rough pilgrimage, but I have still a warm heart, and can make allowances for the headlong impetuositities which too often plunge a young man into crime. You may safely trust me,' he continued, placing his hand upon his heart, 'in whose bosom the confessions of many hapless fugitives repose, and will repose, as long as life beats high in the pulses. I betray no man who confides in me, were he stained even with blood.'

Pausing a little he fixed a keenly searching look upon the shrinking youth, and then whispered in his ear—'Young man! you have a murder on your conscience!'

For a moment the apprehensions of Florian yielded to the lofty sense of indignation at this groundless charge. 'It is false, old man!' he exclaimed with energy, 'I swear by the just God who searches all hearts, that I am not conscious of any crime.'

'I shall rejoice to learn that I am mistaken,' replied the old man with evident gratification, as again he fixed his searching orbs upon the indignant Florian. 'If you are innocent, it will be all the better for both of us; but,' he continued, after a hasty look around him, 'the danger I alluded to still hangs over your head. I trust, however, that with God's help, I shall be able to shield you from it.'

Florian too much alarmed to reply, looked at him doubtingly. 'I will deal candidly with you,' resumed the old man, after a pause of reflection, 'When you rode by my house this evening'—

'Who and what are you?' exclaimed Florian, in new astonishment.

'Have a little patience young man!' replied the stranger, while his iron features relaxed into a good-natured smile. 'Do you recollect the tall archway under an old house where a toll of half a sous was demanded from you? That house is mine; and I was sitting by the window as you threw an alms into the box for the condemned criminals. Had you then looked upward, you would have seen a naked sword and a bright axe suspended over your head.'

At these words Florian shuddered, and involuntarily retreated some paces from his companion. 'I see by your flinching,' sternly resumed the old man, 'that you guess who is before you. You are right, young man! I am the town executioner, but an honest man withal, and well inclined to render you essential service. Now, mark me! When you stopped beneath the broad blade, it quivered and jarred against the axe. Whoever is thus greeted by the headsman's sword is inevitably doomed to come in contact with it. I heard the boding jar which every executioner in France well knows how to interpret, and I immediately determined to follow and to warn you.'

The unhappy youth, who had listened in disheartened emotion to this strange communication, now yielded to a sense of ungovernable terror. Covering with both his hands his pallid face, he exclaimed in nameless agony—'O God! in thy infinite mercy, save me!'

'Hah!' ejaculated the headsman steadily, 'have I then roused your sleeping conscience? However, whether you conclude to open or to shut your heart, is now immaterial. In either case I will never betray you,—for accusation and judgment belong not to my office. Profit, therefore, as you best may, by my well intended warning. Alas! alas!' he muttered between his closed teeth, 'that one so young should dip his hands in blood.'

'By all that is sacred!' exclaimed Florian, with trembling eagerness, 'I am innocent of

murder, and incapable of falsehood; and yet so disastrous is my destiny, that I am beset with peril and suspicion. You are an utter stranger to me, but you appear to have benevolence and worldly wisdom. Listen to my tale, and then in mercy give me aid and counsel.'

He now unfolded to the executioner the extraordinary chain of circumstances, which had compelled him to seek security in flight, and told his tale of trials with an artless and single-hearted simplicity of language, look, and gesture, which carried with it irresistible conviction of his innocence. The rigid features of the headsman gradually relaxed as he listened, into a cheerful and even cordial expression; then warmly grasping the hand of Florian as he concluded, he said, 'Well! well! I see how it is. In my profession we learn how to read human nature. When I watched your slumber, I thought your sleep looked very like the sleep of innocence; and now I believe from my soul that you are as guiltless of this murder as I am. With God's help I will yet save you from this peril. There was certainly some danger of your being implicated by the singular circumstances you have detailed; but the real and formidable peril has grown out of your flight. This was a blunder young man! but I see no reason to despair. 'Tis true the broad blade has denounced you, and my grandfather and father, as well as myself, have traced criminals by its guidance; but I know the sword will speak alike to its master and its victim. You have yet to learn, young man, that in this life every man is either an anvil or a hammer, a tool or a victim; and that he who boldly grasps the blade will never be its victim. Briefly, then I feel a regard for you. I have no sons, but I have a young and lovely daughter. Marry her, and I will adopt you as my successor. You will then fulfill your destiny by coming in contact with the sword; and if you clutch it firmly, I will pledge myself that you never die by it.'

At this strange proposal Florian started on his feet with indignant abhorrence. 'Hold!' continued the headsman coolly. 'Why hurry your decision? The night is long, and favourable to reflection. Bestow a full and fair consideration upon my proposal, and recollect that your neck is in peril; that all your prospects are blasted; and that any offer of a safe asylum, and a competent support, can alone preserve you from despair and destruction.'

The headsman now emptied his glass, and with a friendly nod left the kitchen. Soon after his departure the landlord appeared with a nightlamp, and conducted Florian to his apartment. Without undressing, the bewildered youth extinguished his lamp, and threw himself on the bed, hoping that the darkness would accelerate the approach of sleep, and of that oblivion which in his happier days had always accompanied it. Vain, however, for

some hours, was every attempt to lull his senses into forgetfulness. The revolting proposal of the old man haunted him incessantly.

'I become an'—he muttered indignantly, but could never utter the hateful word. The shrinking diffidence which had been a fertile source of difficulty to him through life, had been increased tenfold by his recent calamities; he was conscious even to agony of his total inability to contend with the consequences of his imprudent and cowardly flight; but, from *such* means of escape, he recoiled with unutterable loathing. The broken slumber into which he fell before morning was haunted by boding forms and tragic incidents. The sword, the axe, the scaffold, and the rack, flitted around him in quick procession, and seemed to close every avenue to escape. He awoke from these visions of horror at day-break, and left his bed as wearied in body, and as irresolute in mind as when he entered it. Dreading alike a renewal of the executioner's proposal, and the risk of being arrested and tried for murder, he saw no alternative but flight—immediate flight beyond the bounds of France. * * * * *

Florian hastened down stairs to order his horse, that he might leave the hotel and the town before the promised visit of the fearful headsman. Notwithstanding his urgency, he found his departure unaccountably delayed. His officious host persisted too in sending a boy to show him the nearest way to the town gate; and the impatient traveller, who would gladly have declined the offer, found himself obliged to submit. His guide accompanied him to the extremity of the small suburb beyond the eastern gate, and quitted him; while Florian, whose ever ready apprehensions had been roused by the tenacious civility of the landlord, rode slowly forward, looking round occasionally at his returning guide, and determining to take the first cross-road he could find. A little farther he discovered the entrance of a narrow lane, shaded by a double row of lofty chesnuts, and as he turned towards it his horse's head, he saw the old man, whose promised visit he was endeavouring to escape, issuing from the lane on horseback. 'I guessed as much,' said the headsman, smiling, as he rode up to the startled fugitive. 'I knew you would try to escape me, but I cannot consent that you should thus run headlong into certain destruction. You have neither sanguine hopes nor a fixed purpose to support you, and you want firmness to answer with discretion the trying questions which will everywhere assail you. You are silent—you feel the full extent of your danger—why not then embrace the certain protection I offer you? Fear not that I shall either repeat or allude to my last night's proposal. My sole object is your immediate protection at this critical period, when you are doubtless tracked in all directions by the blood-hounds of the police. At the frontiers you will inev-

itably be stopped and identified; but under my roof you will be safe from all pursuit and suspicion. I live secluded from the world, I have no visitors, and your presence would not be suspected by any one. In a few weeks the heat of pursuit will abate, and you may then take your departure with renewed courage and confidence.'

'Courage and confidence!' repeated to himself the timid Florian; 'would to heaven I had either!' The good sense however, of the old man's advice was so obvious, that he determined to avail himself of so kind an offer. Gratefully pressing his hand, he dismissed all doubts of his sincerity; and said I will accompany you, and may God reward your benevolence, for I cannot.'

'We must return by the road I came,' said the headsman, turning his horse. 'It will take us outside the town to my house: and, at this hour, we shall arrive there unperceived. Your landlord, who is under obligations to me, sent you this road at my request. He supposes that you are my distant relative, and that, unwilling to appear in public with an executioner, you had made an appointment with me for this early hour on your way homeward.'

(To be Continued.)

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE REFORMATION.

A FACT.

(Concluded.)

Nannette alone cherished the only glimpse of his reform. She had observed that on the Sabbath day he invariably forbore to taste the alluring cup. Dressed in a clean suit of lambs-wool, he would, on those days attend her to church, and while there, the decency of his devotion, being with all humility, and the fervency of his response, formed a singular contrast with his free libations during the rest of the week; while the evening of each sacred day witnessed their vows of love and faith. Seated beneath the broad spreading willow, at the back of the church, many an hour was spent in improving conversation, and an interchange of affection. The murmuring of the little brook at their feet filled the pauses love made, and banished from the hum of noisy insects that monotony of sound which is too apt to pervade the retreats of wood and grove, while the moon looked down upon their beautiful and holy intercourse—and seldom has her beams illumined fairer countenances, or forms more perfect from the hand of heaven.

Thus, between piety and love, was each first day hallowed by the youthful pair; but the remainder of the week was, to him, a blank of time, and to her a period of severe trial.

Weeks and months passed away, and the hateful mug was for ever at his lips. In vain Nannette sighed and gently reproved; no amendment was visible in the conduct of James; on Sundays only did his countenance

bear the perfect stamp; then, indeed, it was radiant with beauty and intelligence. One evening James had taken an inordinate measure, and lay extended along the bench of the inn; the good hostess, who was busy in preparing for a public parade, found the unfortunate youth very much in her way, and, with very little ceremony, ordered her servants to convey the intemperate wretch to the porch, and lay him by the side of Keeper, the dog, as a fit companion for brutes only. The injunction was instantly obeyed, and he was borne into the porch, incapable of making the least resistance, yet perfectly sensible of his degraded condition, and stung to the soul by the severe reproof.

The faithful Keeper, now his only friend, as if in sympathy with his sufferings, began to lick his hands and face, which kindness James endeavoured to prevent, but found that he had not power to move a limb; and, in the anguish of his wounded feelings, he exclaimed,

'Gracious heavens! am I indeed so lost? Shall I be henceforth a thing for men to buffet, to scoff and jeer at?' A prodigal, fit only to herd with swine! Thou, Keeper, art too good a dog for such a one?'

The morning of the following day the young wool-comber was no where to be found. Inquiry was made at the different farm houses, but to no purpose; it was supposed that he had left the town during the night of his mortification. The pretty Nannette was no longer visible at the inn, while the story of their flight soon spread through the village and became at least a nine day's wonder among the inhabitants.

Many years had passed away, and the loves of James and Nannette was an affair almost forgotten when Judge H. a wealthy farmer of New Town, was tempted by business or pleasure, to cross the uncertain wave, and visit home, 'the mother country.' (Thus was the favoured isle denominated by the English-Americans even to the period of our division.)

Having accomplished the objects of his voyage, he bade adieu to the great metropolis, and took post-chaise for the nearest sea-port town, from whence he purposed to sail for America in a few days. He had not driven far from London when a coach and four attempted to pass him on the road. Some difficulty occurred to prevent its progress, owing to the awkwardness of the post-boy. The gentleman in the carriage looked from the window to give orders to his attendants, and his eye met that of Judge H. who also had leaned forward that he might observe how matters were about to be arranged. In a moment a smile of joyous recognition lighted up the features of the stranger, whose dress and manners comported well with the splendour of his vehicle.

'Good heavens! he exclaimed, 'is not this my friend H. of Long Island? Surely it is he;' and in the next moment he was at the side of the chaise.

'You have pronounced my name, most certainly,' replied the worthy farmer; 'but how you could have known it, is to me a riddle.'

'Look well at me, I pray you,' and the stranger drew himself up to his full height, and raising his hat, continued, 'examine my features carefully—are they not familiar to you?'

'They are not indeed, sir,' replied H. after a few moments intent survey of the noble and graceful figure before him. 'I do assure you that to my knowledge I never saw you till this hour, or my memory is unusually treacherous;' he then murmured out something of the unmerited honour, &c. and bidding a 'good morrow,' was about to drive off.

'Stay, sir,' cried the stranger; 'can it be possible that you have forgotten James, the unfortunate wool-comber, who but ten years since, sought a living through your town?'

'Who? What? This James, who disgraced himself at Halkin's by his intemperance? and finished by stealing away the sweetest flower that ever blossomed in our soil! Do my eyes—my ears hear aright?' and the good farmer raised his hands in utter astonishment.

'I perceive you are greatly surprised at the change in my appearance and circumstances, and very naturally; but do you not remember I used often to tell you that there was but twenty-nine lives between me and a title with a large estate? Time has swept away those barriers, and I am now in quiet possession of a fortune more than sufficient for one that early knew the most trying vicissitudes of life. She, of whom you spoke, the dear, the lovely Nannette, the partner and soother of my sorrows, is now the sharer of my prosperity—the happy wife and mother. Come home with me—my estate lies not far from this, and you may then have it in your power to convey to the good people of Long Island a just idea of the improved fortunes of Fair James the wool-comber, and the pretty Nannette the bar-maid,' J. P.

BIOGRAPHY.

PHILIP SCHUYLER,

A major-general in the revolutionary war, received this appointment from congress, June 19, 1775. He was directed to proceed immediately from New-York to Ticonderoga, to secure the lakes, and to make preparations for entering Canada. Being taken sick in September, the command devolved upon Montgomery. On his recovery he devoted himself zealously to the management of the affairs in the northern department. The superintendence of the Indian concerns claimed much of his attention.

On the approach of Burgoyne, in 1777, he made every exertion to obstruct his progress; but the evacuation of Ticonderoga, by St. Clair, occasioning unreasonable jealousies in regard to Schuyler in New-England, he was superseded by Gates in August, and congress directed an inquiry to be made into his conduct.

It was a matter of extreme chagrin to him to be recalled at the moment when he was about to take ground and face the enemy. He afterwards, though not in the regular service, rendered important services to his country in the military transactions of New-York. He was a member of the old congress, and when the present government of the United States commenced its operations in 1789, he was appointed with Rufus King a senator from his native state.

In 1797, he was again appointed a senator in the place of Aaron Burr. He died at Albany, November, 18, 1804, in the seventy-third year of his age. Distinguished by strength of intellect and upright intentions, he was wise in the contrivance, and enterprising and persevering in the execution of plans of public utility. In private life he was dignified, but courteous, a pleasing and instructive companion, affectionate in his domestic relations, and just in all his dealings.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TEMPER.

What a blessing it is when a man can properly regulate his temper. How many heart burnings and animosities would it save us; how many friendships would be preserved and what a deal of fellowship, that is now wasted, might be concentrated and gathered together for our worldly comfort. One who has the proper command of himself, who can keep down the fires of his disposition and converse coolly when others are irritated is your true philosopher. To the young, particularly those who are entering upon the threshold of existence and who know little of the thousand perplexities of human life, we would say, keep a strict watch over your passions. Suffer them not to lead you astray—suffer them not to usurp the reins of your judgment, for we never knew a man whose temperament was quick and uncontrollable, to be happy: and it is seldom such attain distinction and eminence. Therefore we say unto you fair reader be especially watchful of your temper.

NOBLE REVENGE.

During General Burgoyne's destructive campaign in New-York, he ordered his troops to burn the beautiful mansion of the American General Schuyler, and to destroy all the property they could find. Not long after, General Burgoyne was obliged to surrender himself and his army, as prisoners of war to the Americans. The celebrated Lady Ackland, who followed the fortunes of her husband with such remarkable constancy and fortitude, was then in the British camp. 'I went,' says she, as nearly as I can recollect the words, 'over to the Americans, soon after our surrender, taking my children with me in my favourite calash. I acknowledge I felt timid as I passed thro' the enemy's camp; but no insult was

offered me, and I saw no symptoms of anything but respect, and compassion for my misfortunes. Arrived at Gen. Gate's tent, a gentleman came forward to hand me from my calash, and said in a soothing tone, 'you tremble, madam, do not be alarmed;' and when he took the children from the carriage, he clasped the youngest to his bosom and kissed it tenderly. The tears came to my eyes, as I said, 'Surely, sir, you are a husband and a father.' It was Gen. Schuyler! whose property had so recently been destroyed by our army.—He afterward invited Gen. Burgoyne and other officers to visit his house for several days. 'You treat me with great kindness and hospitality,' said the British General, 'though I have done you so much injury.' 'That was the fortune of war,' replied Gen. Schuyler, 'let us think no more of it.'

Physic.—Kein Long, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir George Staunton how physicians were paid in England. When, with some difficulty, he had been made to understand how well physicians were paid by their patients as long as they were ill, he exclaimed, 'Is any man well in England who can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you how I manage my physicians. I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed; a certain weekly salary is allowed them, but the moment I am ill their salary stops till I recover. I need not inform you that my illnesses are very short.'

Dogs.—Addison remarks that the dog has been the companion of man more than 5000 years, and has learned of him only one of his vices, viz. 'to worry his species when he finds them in distress.' Tie a tin canister to a dog's tail, and others will fall upon him; put a man in prison for debt, and another will lodge a detainer against him. This propensity to afflict the afflicted has given rise to the vulgar, but we fear too correct adage,—'When a man is going down hill, every one gives him a kick.'

A small feeling.—A man of exceedingly contracted mind, was one day complaining to an acquaintance, that he had a very acute pain not bigger seemingly than the point of a pin. 'It's amazing strange,' he continued, 'don't you think it is? what do you suppose is the cause of it?' 'Why really I don't know,' replied the other, 'what part of you should be liable to so very minute a pain, unless it be your soul.'

A man by the name of John Thompson, having been to Yorkshire fair, in returning was so intoxicated, as to induce great and irresistible drowsiness. Having slept some time he awoke and found himself alone in his cart and both his horses stolen, he did not know himself. He then began to reason thus, 'either I am

John Thompson, or not John Thompson, if I am John Thompson, I have lost my horses—but if I am not John Thompson, I have found a cart.'

Retort.—A quaker was asked by a magistrate who had been a carpenter, 'why he did not take off his hat?' 'It is a privilege said he we quakers are allowed.' 'If it were in my power,' exclaimed the magistrate, 'I would have your hat nailed to your head.' 'I thought,' said Obadiah, 'that thou hadst given up the trade of driving nails.'

A Gentleman in Ireland, remarkable for what are called bulls, was met one day in mourning. 'How now, Frank,' says his acquaintance; 'Who are you in mourning for?' 'For my poor wife honey,' answered he. 'God bless me!' says the other. 'Indeed it is very trow, (says Frank,) she wud haive been thra waiks dead, if she hod lived till last Wonsday.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1830.

Embellishments for the Present Volume.—The next plate, a view of the U. S. Marine Hospital, is now under the hands of the engraver, and will accompany number seven. Our patrons will then be entitled to two more, one of which will be an engraving of the Berkshire Gymnasium, and the other, we intend shall be a view of this city, neatly and handsomely executed expressly for the Repository.

☞ We acknowledge, with pleasure, the receipt of two hundred and ten new subscribers, since our last number.

Agents.—Agents will soon be named, but at present persons at a distance can obtain this paper by applying to post-masters.

The Gem.—Having mentioned this work in a former number, we insert the following notice, given by the proprietors, of a new arrangement respecting plates:

'We have made arrangements for four elegant Copperplate Engravings for this volume of the Gem. One of them will be a view of the Genesee Falls, at Rochester, and the scaffold from which the unfortunate Patch made his "last leap," as advertised in volume 1st. No extra price will be charged. Our terms will remain as they were, \$1.50 per annum, in advance.' A specimen of this work can be seen at our office, and we will forward the names of subscribers free of expense.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Thomas P. Clark, to Miss Prudence Jessup.

At Hillsdale, N. Y. on the 2d inst. by the Rev. H. Truesdell, the Rev. Hiram Hamblin White, of the New England Methodist Episcopal Conference, to Miss Jane Miranda, daughter of John Collin.

At Copake, on the 29th of May, by William T. Traford, Esq. Mr. John Snyder, to Miss Hannah Van Deusen, both of the same place.

DIED,

In this city, on the 13th inst. Huldah, wife of Reuben G. Macy, of a short but severe illness, aged 36 years.

On the 8th inst. Frances Mary, daughter of Mr. John Powers, aged 4 years.

On the 14th inst. Ann Elizabeth, daughter of David Rogers, aged 1 year.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

THE DYING CHILD.

To see the strong in their matured strength
Contending firm with pain and suffering,
Like the stern forest monarch in the wild
Whirlwind's blast, draws from th' heart of sympathy
A sigh—and wakes the tones of pitying
Concern: but sweet and blooming innocence,
Checked in its bright and gay career—thrown down
On the bed of anguish—its young and pure
Blood, curdling slowly in its tender veins,
As closer the icy king draws within
His dread embrace the fainting flower—
Calls out the deep, and finer feelings
Of the heart, and with watery jewels, gems
The eye of feeling and of tenderness.
She lay—the little sufferer—convulsed,
Pain, deep searching, thrill'd through her tender frame,
And on her clear, fair brow disease had stamp'd
The impress of decay. Fair innocent!
Chill'd in thy opening bloom, thou sudden fall'st,
As th' young rose-bud touch'd by an unseemly
Blight! The stern church-yard-monarch, as he passed,
Breathed o'er the face of infant loveliness.
And quick dissolved the weaken'd cords of life;
And then her young spirit, like the unseen,
And noiseless wind, sprang up, and floated forth
Into the high empyrean, to rest
In joy, forever there!—

OSMAR.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

THE LOVER'S INVOCATION.

The moon is up, love! and the lingering mist
Which hung like wreaths upon the mountain tops
Has melted off, and left their summits tip
With silver brilliancy. Down their steep sides
Save where those huge and solitary rocks
Their frowning shadows cast, the struggling beams
Play o'er the deep green foliage, as it sweeps
With undulating motion, while the breath
Of evening wakes it into life. And hark!
The warbling songsters of the groves are mute,
But the glad voice of nature's melody,
The music of her ever flowing rills
Comes stealing on the night air, like the strains
The bard of yore struck from his magic lyre.
The flowers are breathing forth their fresh perfumes,
Their petals gemmed with sparkling dew, like tears
In beauty's melting eye, while their soft tints
Would emulate the hue upon her cheek.
Come forth my love! and from yon grassy bank
That spreads its breast with such a gentle slope
To woo the southern breeze, we'll cull with care
The choicest and most fragrant, to entwine
With the dark locks that cluster round thy brow. Z.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

THE SYBIL.

Would thy young inquiring eye
Pierce the dark futurity—
Read the awful book of Fate,
Oft so sad and desolate?
Mortal! ask me not to show
What of weal or what of woe,
I, the Sybil, there can see
Writ against thy destiny—

By the past, th' unerring past,
I, thy future lot will cast.
List to me, then, whilst I tell—
Time will show or ill or well,
Whether smiles or whether tears
Gild or shade thine after years;
So thou wilt but answer me,
Simple questions, one, two, three.

When the houseless sought thy door—
When the hungry begg'd thy store—
When the lonely widow wept—
When the orphan houseless slept—
Did the homeless find a home?
Didst thou bid the famished come?
Didst thou calm the widow's grief?
Give the fatherless relief?
If thy conscience answer yes,
Great shall be thy share of bliss;
If thy conscience answer no,
Deep the measure of thy woe!

When the love that bound thine heart
To that one, as ne'er to part—
Though no crabb'd law hath prest
Rule or fetter on thy breast,
Mid the sorrow and the strife,
Ebb and flow of human life,
Sorrow gain'd and pleasure gone,
Was it still true to that one?
If thy conscience answer yes,
Great shall be thy share of bliss;
If thy conscience answer no,
Deep the measure of thy woe!

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Love.

PUZZLE II.—Phthisick.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

What men of science, genius, justly claim,
By what most tends to gain a lasting name;
Transpose, and the criterion it will show,
By what the shepherd from the sheep we know.
Again transpos'd 'twill show to every eye,
How merchants pass their kites afar and nigh,
By which they thousands or ten thousands fly.

II.

My first is the head of a handsome bird in America;
My second is the two ends of a long river in the west;
My third is the tail of a beast of prey;
My whole is a bird of an amphibious nature.

NOTICE.

We have now on hand and for sale a few complete sets of the Repository, including both the old and new series; those who wish can also be furnished with the new series only, or with either of the volumes from the beginning separately, except the 1st and 2d, either bound or unbound.

Those, who wish, can have their volumes of the Repository bound and any numbers that may be missing supplied at this office.—Each of our present subscribers by obtaining another, can save half their postage, as two papers can be sent together in a whole sheet.

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